"Maddening Potted Phrases."

We have protested against the "faultless even dress" of the hurried descriptive writer, since evening dress is the only male attire that excludes the possibility of error. But a long list could be made of the phrases—tinned and stale—which all writers use who write like enterprising and hurried builders, building with ready made doors and window panes. For example, one never reads an account of a railway accident from the lips of the "badly shaken" passenger without finding that "all went well until"—the thing happened. But perhaps the most maddening of these potted phrases is "the rash act." You will read how Mr. Smith or Mr. Brown sat down and wrote several long letters to his relatives, how he had with great care arranged his affairs, how with the utmost deliberation he purchased poison, a revolver, a new razor and a ball of twine; how he sent his family away for a holiday, went to his room and conscientiously poisoned, strangled, sliced and shot himself. "No reason," runs the inevitable comment, "is assigned for the rash act," which was as deliberate as the movement of the Rhone glacier.—London Chronicle.

Turkish Attar of Roses.

Turkish attar of roses is mainly produced in Bulgaria and is carried on in the fertile valleys on the southern slopes of the Balkans. The rose harvest in Bulgaria begins about the third week in May and lasts about a month. The second great seat of rose farming in Europe is the space between the maritime Alps and the Mediterranean, in the extreme southeast of France. This is, in fact, the great scent farming and perfumery making center of Europe, the town of Grasse being the emporium of the district. Of course attar of roses is also produced in India, Persia and Asiatic Turkey under the climatic conditions desired, but the great bulk of the supply is furnished by the European regions already noted. The roses employed for attar making in Europe are: In Bulgaria the red damask rose and in the south of France the Provence rose, a hybrid or variety of the hundred leaf rose, to which also belongs the well known cabbage rose.

A Dream With a Moral.

A rich lady dreamed that she went to heaven and there saw a mansion being built. "Whom is that for?" she asked of the guide.

"For your gardener."

"But he lives in the tiniest cottage on earth, with barely room for his family. He might live better if he did not give away so much to the miserably poor folks."

Further on she saw a tiny cottage being built. "And whom is that for?" she asked.

"That is for you."

"But I have lived in a mansion on earth. I would not know how to live in a cottage."

The words she heard in reply were full of meaning. "The Master Builder is doing his best with the material that is being sent up."

Then she awoke, resolving to lay up treasure in heaven.—Chicago Post.

The Englishman's Morning Tub.

Until the beginning of the seventeenth century English princes and other babes were immersed three times in the font when christened. The last Prince of Wales who was submitted to this ordeal appears to have been Arthur, the son of Henry II., who died in 1502 at the age of sixteen. The abolition of the practice was strongly objected to upon sanitary grounds by Sir John Floyer, a celebrated physician, who died in 1734. "Immersion," he says, "would prevent many hereditary diseases," and "the English will return to it when physic has given them a clear proof that cold baths are both safe and useful." So our morning tub is the outcome of royal immersion.—London Mail.

Freshness of Youth.

He was a respectable looking man, and, judging from his appearance, he was a butcher by trade, and this belief was verified a few minutes later. He carried a white apron under his arm, and as he entered a car a huge cleaver dropped from the bundle to the floor. A youth who had not reached the age of discretion sank out merrily, "Say, mister, you dropped your pocketknife." The passengers laughed, but they could not help but think that the youth took a long chance on kidding a man with a cleaver.—Albany Journal.

A Cruel Insinuation.

Mrs. Enpeck—I notice here in the paper that a young girl in New York confesses that she has been in the burglary business for a long time. Enpeck (recklessly)—No doubt she inherited the tendency from a mother who was in the habit of making nightly journeys through her husband's pockets.—Baltimore American.

Not Taking Chances.

Office Boy—Lady to see you, sir. Editor—Is she good looking? Boy—Yes, sir. Editor (returning)—Nice judge of beauty you'll make! Boy (in outer office to other boy)—Not takin' any chances. Thought she might be his wife.—Kansas City Independent.

Her Laudable Desire.

"Ah," said the earl, "I am afraid you are marrying me merely for my title?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the heiress. "It's merely because I want to see that dear old castle of yours repaired before it is an utter ruin."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Look Before You Shoot.

The true sportsman may be defined as one who looks before he shoots.—Amateur Sportsman.

The world's great men have not commonly been great scholars nor its great scholars great men.—Holmes.

Muscles In Tension.

The Revue Scientifique has been asking what muscles tire soonest, with the conclusion that it is not the muscles in use, but those under tension, although doing no work. The writer urges us to use the arms and legs less and the back and neck more, for on them comes the greatest strain. He has been asking men of all occupations the same questions:

When you have worked much, where do you feel tired?

Before you were trained did fatigue show itself in the same regions?

All the answers point to the same conclusions. The baker who kneads dough all night complains of fatigue in his legs.

The blacksmith is tired, not in his arms and shoulders, but in his back and loins.

The young soldier, after a march, is especially tired in the back of the neck, even if he has carried no knapsack.

The oarsman who is in perfect training after prolonged exercise gets tired in his calves and insteps.

These facts point to the conclusion that in any continued effort we should try to alter the habit of contraction. That is to say, the body, like the mind, needs change of work.

A Nightmareless Rarebit.

A bachelor whose skill at getting up dainty supper dishes assures him plenty of company in the evenings is responsible for a substitute for the Welsh rabbit that is free from nightmare. He covers lightly toasted bread with finely grated cheese and instead of slipping it in the oven places it beneath the flame of the gas broiler until the cheese has been toasted a light brown.

If a good cream cheese is used there is not the slightest suggestion of sogginess or greasiness, and even those to whom a rabbit means a night of troubled dreams may indulge in this with no fear of evil consequences.

The trick lies in the grating of the cheese. Broken into bits, it would melt into a pasty mass. Finely divided, each particle should be individually toasted before it has a chance to melt down, and in that state it is readily assimilated.—New York Press.

The Choice of a Wife.

A German professor selects a woman who can merely stew prunes not because stewing prunes and reading Proclus make a delightful harmony, but because he wants his prunes stewed for him and chooses to read Proclus by himself. A fullness of sympathy, a sharing of life one with another, is scarcely ever looked for except in a narrow, conventional sense. Men like to come home and find a blazing fire and a smiling face and an hour of relaxation. Their serious thoughts and earnest aims in life they keep on one side. And this is the carrying out of love and marriage almost everywhere in the world, and this the degrading of women by both.—From One of Mrs. Browning's Letters, 1846.

The Value of New Ideas.

The recognition of the value of a new idea in regard to a business point is leading employers to encourage criticisms and suggestions from employees in respect to the details of the business, thus utilizing their microscopic view rather than depending solely on the birdseye view which is taken by the manager. A friendly feeling results from this attitude, and the employee takes a deeper interest in his work, developing his own capacity and helping the business. To see his idea carried out by his superiors puts new life into him and adds new enthusiasm to his efforts.—Success.

The Wedding Ring Finger.

The wedding ring was placed on the left hand as nearest the heart and on the fourth finger because that finger was supposed to have its own "private wire" (in the shape of a delicate nerve) to the heart. That finger, too, was called the medicine finger, and the belief was that by virtue of the little nerve it could detect a dangerous poison if simply inserted in the liquid. From that belief the idea that wedding rings—the rings worn on that finger—had special curative qualities had its rise. To this day wedding rings are rubbed over an obstinate sty on an eyelid.

The Chance He Lost.

"Why are you so sad, Alice?" her mother asked.

"I've decided not to keep company with Mr. Jonesby any more."

"Dear me! Have you heard anything about him?"

"No. But last night when I said I wished that I was a man he merely asked me why, instead of getting excited and saying that life would be hateful to him if I had not been born a girl."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cynical.

"Which do you think counts for the most in life, money or brains?"

"Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "I see so many people who manage to get on with so little of either that I am beginning to lose my respect for both."—Washington Star.

His Compliment.

Fond Young Mother (with firstborn)—Now, which of us do you think he is like? Friend (judicially)—Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you.—Punch.

The Best Kind of Charity.

The best kind of charity is not that which makes a man easy in destitution, but uneasy in it—uneasy enough to struggle out of it by the aid of a friendly hand.—Zion's Herald.

If a man's fortune does not fit him, it is like the shoe in the story—if too large, it trips him up; if too small, it pinches him.—Horace.

Most Deadly of Insults.

Fweddie—That creature actually told me to mind my own business, y'know! Cholly — The impertinent wretch! Fweddie—Positively insulting! As if to insinuate, don't y'know, that I was in business!—Cleveland Leader.

Nobody can help being born stupid, but anybody can help becoming stupider than he was born.—Lady Helen Forbes.